

## Steve Harrington's Guide to Parenting by kingofsoftstyle

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**Summary:**

The adventures of Steve and his 6 adopted children (and the rest of their family).

## 1. One! Two! Three!

"Alright shitheads, listen up. This is gonna be a fair race, we don't want a repeat of last week."

"Yeah Max! No pushing people off their bikes," Max shrugged from her skateboard.

"Shut it Dustin and let me finish. You all know the rules. You start when you hear the whistle, not a second before," Steve shouted, looking directly at Lucas as he said it, "The race is from here, to the middle school, and back again. El is going to be keeping time. The winner gets \$20 and the loser has to clean my car. You all got it?"

Mike raises his hand. Steve sighs, "Yes Mike?"

"What happens if you neither win nor lose? Like what happens to those of us who get 2nd or 3rd, what do we get?"

"Nothing."

"Nothing?"

"Yeah nothing."

"But we didn't lose!"

"Yeah well you didn't win either."

"This is bullshit Harrington!"

"No it isn't. This is how literally every race works. When you get second place you don't win anything other than the bragging rights of not being last."

"I still think we should get something."

"Alright, do you wanna help the loser clean my car?"

"Guys!" Will interrupted their argument, "can we start the race now?"

"Yeah. El, you do the honors. And remember to use your big voice," Steve looked down to the girl sitting in the grass at his feet. She was wearing his jacket, a stop watch in her right hand and a whistle in her left. She would have been racing with the other kids but teaching her how to ride a bike had proven difficult.

Eleven stood up from her seat and cleared her voice, "ONE!"

"TWO!"

"THREE!" She blew the whistle as loud as she could and the 5 kids took off down the street. She started the stop watch.

"Great job kid," Steve pat El on the back, "Let's hope they don't nearly kill each other this time."

Eleven laughed and sat back down on the grass. Steve joined her. From their last attempt at this he knew the bike ride from Mike's house to the school was about 4 minutes there and back, 2 if you were really going fast. He felt Eleven tap his shoulder.

"Can I touch your hair?"

Steve chuckled and layed down with his head infront of the girl, "Go ahead. But don't be too rough, this hair takes a lot of time," El giggled and brought her hands down to his hair.

"Soft," she said quietly.

He was about to say something but was cut off by a voice across the street, "Steve? Is that you? What are you doing in the grass across the street from my house? What was that whistle?" It was Nancy.

Steve rolled over onto his side, Eleven still playing with his hair, "Oh. I was just uh, hanging out with the kids. I'm the ref in their race."

"Ref?" Eleven asked.

"A person who watches over a sport or something. So they players play fair," Steve answered. Eleven looked pleased.

"Why are you hanging out with them?" Nancy had made her way

across the street, she was in a robe and slippers. Steve assumed she had just woken up.

"I don't know. They're fun," Nancy gave him an incredulous look.

"Yeah I don't see the problem. I'm allowed to spend my Saturday however I want."

"Yeah but I don't see how hanging out with my brother and his nerd friends is fun."

"They're just fun to hang out with, I don't know. They're funny, and not like kid funny. Like actually funny. Plus we all have shared traumatic experience. I'm connected to these dicks," he smiled up at Eleven. She was still too busy with his hair.

Nancy looked even more confused and was about something before Eleven cut her off, "Steve. Look," she pointed down the street as she stood up. Steve joined her.

From what he could see, Mike and Max were neck in neck, Lucas and Will close behind them, and Dustin in last.

"Hey! Sorry Nancy give me a sec," he held his hand out to El, she handed him the whistle and stared intently at Mike and Max as they closed in on the finish line. Nancy just stood in silence.

The two kids were about 50 yards from the finish line, Mike pumped his feet as hard as he could to try and race past Max but the redhead was working equally as hard. They were going to tie and Steve would have had to give both of them \$20. Shit.

Well, he would have, if Max's board hadn't came flying out from under her when the two were a few feet from the finish line. Steve looked down at Eleven smirking as Mike raced past the finish.

He ran his hands over his face and made his way to Max after all the kids had stopped at the end of the street. Dustin lost.

"You alright kid?" He grabbed her hand and helped pull her up.

"Yeah. I'm fine," she stared down Eleven who was too busy

celebrating Mike's win to care.

"Hey, don't get mad at her. She didn't mean it."

"It felt like she meant it."

"Well she didn't. She just doesn't like you, probably thinks you're trying to replace her. Plus she doesn't really know about...human behavior."

"Whatever. I'm going home. Tell Mike I said congrats," and with that, she was gone.

Steve sighed. He thought highschool girls were dramatic, but middle school girls were a whole different category of dramatic.

"What was that about?" Steve forgot Nancy was here. He turned and grinned.

"Me keeping the peace. See, if I wasn't here, Max would have probably tried to get in a fight with El. A fight she wouldn't be able to win."

"The boys don't seem to care that she left."

Steve glanced over to the other five. They were making fun of Dustin for loosing, "They do care about her. They just, forget that she's there sometimes. They're so used to it just being the four or five of them that they forget they've added a sixth," Steve shrugged, "Mike especially. Sometimes I think he's ignoring Max on purpose."

"Jesus Steve, how much time do you spend with them?"

He thought for a moment, "Almost every Saturday. Sunday's are for D&D and homework. I'll sometimes pick them up from school and take them to the arcade. Bring Max to Lucas'. Take Mike over to Hopper's so he can hang out with Eleven. After what happened, I like to know where they are at all times."

"Well you certainly seem to know more about my brother than I do."

"Well, I do pay more attention to him," That turned out to be the

wrong thing to say as Nancy's expression turned from one of amusement to irritation.

"I have to go get ready to go to Jonathan's. Just, make sure the kids stay out of trouble."

"What do you think I've been doing these past 2 months!" Steve called as she walked back to her house.

"Harrington! Where's Max?" Lucas shouted. All the kids were looking at him expectantly, seemingly worried about her absence.

"Uh. She left. Said she had homework or something," Lucas didn't seem happy with this answer but he didn't say anything else. Eleven had a look of satisfaction.

"Hey do you guys want pizza? I'll pay," Steve said quickly, desperate to lighten up the mood. They all nodded quickly.

"Cool. Leave your bikes here. I'll drive."

"Hey when do I get my 20 bucks?" Mike asked as they walked their bikes into the Wheeler back yard.

"Yeah, and when does Dustin have to clean your car," Will snickered. Dustin slapped him.

"Mike, you'll get your money after Pizza. And Dustin, before next Saturday. I have a date," all the kids seemed intrigued by this.

"With who?" Eleven asked.

"None of your business."

"Wait does this mean you won't be able to hang out? What are we gonna do?" Mike asked as he climbed into the car. Eleven got in next to him, then Will, then Lucas managed to squeeze in. They had perfected this about a month ago. Dustin up front.

"I don't know. Whatever you usually did before I started to chaperone."

"Yeah but you can drive us around and buy us stuff."

"Is that really all I'm good for? Money and transportation?"

"Yes," they all said at once.

Steve rolled his eyes as he started the car.

"Fine, then this is the last time I do this for you assholes."

"No! No, he didn't mean it. You're great Steve!" Lucas piped up.

"Yeah, damn right."

Steve knew that he got looks from his classmates as he walked into the pizza parlor with five 14 year olds, but he just couldn't find it in himself to give a shit. As long as Will, Mike, Lucas, Dustin, Eleven, and Max were happy, he didn't care.

But he would never admit that out loud.

## 2. Over Dinner

### Summary for the Chapter:

Mike slips up over dinner.

"I take back everything I've ever said about Steve," Mike said abruptly over dinner.

"Steve Harrington?" His mother asked. Nancy just stared down at her plate, pushing broccoli around with her fork.

"Yeah! I used to think he was an annoying idiot, now I think he's a cool idiot."

"What changed your mind?"

"Since he started hanging out with the party. He's our tank."

"Tank?"

Mike rolled his eyes and sighed, "Like our body guard."

"Hmm. Very interesting," his mom just nodded and went back to her food.

"Yeah," Mike continued, "I don't know why you broke up with him Nancy, he's way better than Jonathan," Nancy immediately dropped her fork and stared up at Mike. Their mom looked at her in disbelief, "You broke up with Steve?"

"Yes."

"And you're with the other Byers boy? Jonathan?"

"Yes."

"Why?"

"Look Mom," Nancy sighed, giving her mother her full attention, "It's not that big of a deal. High School relationships are never supposed



to last all four years."

"Yes I know that, I'm just surprised!"

"And why that Jonathan boy? Isn't he a bit of a downgrade," Her dad interjected, suddenly interested in the conversation.

"Ted! Don't be rude."

"Just a question."

"Can we not talk about this please," Nancy was just ready to go to bed.

"Can I be excused?" Mike asked.

"Yeah me too," Nancy said while she was staring down Mike, giving him the "You're so dead in a few minutes" look.

"Yes, both of you," both kids were out of their seats before their father even finished his sentence. Mike was closer to the stairs, he jumped up from his seat and bolted up the stairs, Nancy hot on his tail. He tried to slam his door before Nancy could get into his room but he wasn't quick enough.

"The hell was that?"

"I don't know what you're talking about."

"You know damn well what I'm talking about Mike. Why'd you tell mom and dad I broke up with Steve?"

"I thought they knew!"

"Why would I tell them! They love Steve!"

"Look Nancy, this isn't much of a problem for me and I would really appreciate it if you left my-" Mike stopped himself when static came from his radio.

"*Mike. Mike you there?*"

"Yeah! Is that you Dustin?"

*"Yeah, get your bike and meet us at the theater! Steve scored us tickets to Breakfast Club!"*

"The chick flick?"

*"No, idiot! Will's already seen it, he said its good. Steve is picking him and El up now."*

"How did he get us all tickets?"

*"Said he convinced Jonathan to get him free ones."*

"Steve is hanging out with Jonathan now?" Nancy shouted.

*"Hey Nance! Be there in 10 minutes Mike! Over and out."*

Mike threw his radio down on the bed. Nancy watched as he went running around his room pulling on a jacket and grabbing spare change from his bedside. She followed him down the stairs and as he ran through the kitchen, "Bye mom! Bye dad!" and with that, he was gone out the door.

"Where's he going?"

"To hang out with his best buddy Steve," Nancy grumbled, climbing back up the stairs. She totally didn't feel jealousy while thinking about her brother hanging out with Steve. Not even a little.

## **Notes for the Chapter:**

Sorry this was kind of boring, its a filler. I will post another chapter tomorrow (but don't expect frequent uploads all the time). Tomorrow's chapter will be way more interesting ;) (also question, would you guys want me to try and add more romances into this? it isn't the point of this story...thingy... but if people want it I'd be down, but keep in mind they wouldn't be the forefront of the overall plot.)

### **3. Tell Me What To Do**

#### **Summary for the Chapter:**

Steve doesn't know what to do.

"That movie was actual garbage!"

"What? No it wasn't you idiot!"

"It was so boring, how do people enjoy that stuff!"

"I liked Allison," Eleven interjected.

"Claire was better," Max said dismissively.

"You dickheads better remember to thank Jonathan for the tickets. He coulda lost his job," Steve demanded as he held the door open for the six kids to exit the theater. They all turned and faced Steve, rolling their eyes. He raised an eyebrow at them.

"Okay," they mumbled at the same time.

"Alright now fuck off. I'm tired," Mike and Dustin walked to where their bikes were parked (not before Mike hugged El goodbye), still arguing about the movie, Lucas and Max not far behind them. Eleven and Will followed Steve to his car.

"You want a ride home Little Byers? Or do you wanna wait for your brother?"

"Uh. Ride home please," he looked disconnected.

"I call shotgun!" Eleven called. She learned that from Dustin.

Steve decided to drop El off first as she had fallen asleep the second she sat down.

"You okay with that Byers?"

He didn't respond.

"Will?"

Still no answer. Steve reached back and poked the boys knee. Will jumped.

"Yes! What?"

Steve glanced back at him, "Uh, are you okay with me dropping off Eleven first?"

"Yeah, sure," he went back to staring out the window.

"You alright bud?"

Will nodded absentmindedly, "Yeah," Steve wasn't convinced so he pulled over the car.

"Why'd you stop?" Will asked.

Steve twisted his body to face the boy, "Look. I haven't known you very long, so I don't know you very well, but I do know that something is wrong. I know that you went through something that I couldn't even imagine. Something I don't want to imagine. I'm not good at this stuff, okay? So I have no idea what to do to help you right now. I just want you and your asshole friends to be safe so just, tell me what to do, what do *you* need right now?"

Will just looked at him for a long while. Steve hoped he said all the write words, he was great at saying the wrong ones. Eleven stirred in her seat.

"I don't- I don't know. Nobody has ever asked me that," he shook his head, "I think I just need my mom. And my bed."

"That I can do," Steve smiled and turned the car back on, "Change of plans Little Byers. We're dropping you off first. Hopper is gonna kill me for being late but it's okay."

"Well if Hopper kills you, what about your date tomorrow?"

"Then I guess they're shit out of luck. I'm supposed to be picking them up."

"Who's 'they'?" Will smirked from the backseat.

"None of your business."

"Friends don't keep secrets, Steve."

"I'm not your friend," Will's face faltered when Steve said it, "I'm your chauffeur, your bank, your source of entertainment, the guy you call when you lose something in a tree and none of you can get it out because you're all short. Everything but your friend, plus I don't think 14 year olds typically befriend 18 year olds."

Will laughed, "I guess you're right."

"I'm always right, Byers."

### **Notes for the Chapter:**

Sorry this is a little late. If you wanna follow me on tumblr my tumblr is Untuneduke (same as on here!) but it's kind of dead rn bc everytime I try and reblog stuff it crashes.

## 4. Thank You

### Summary for the Chapter:

Holidays in Hawkins.

### Notes for the Chapter:

hey so i was gonna try and do all these chapters in chronological order but this one will be a lil different, bc I had a cute idea so we're going back a few months (the kids saw breakfast club last chapter which was released in February of 1985). so this is my special holiday chapter and after this all other chapters will be in chronological order.

Will had always been the thoughtful one in the party. His mom taught him to care for other people and to always give what you can even if you have very little. Which is what brought them to the Hawkins downtown area. Christmas was coming up and Will wanted to get Steve something. To say thanks for supporting him and the party in the aftermath of the Mind Flayer.

"What would we get him?" Mike had asked.

Will thought for a minute, "I don't know. Something simple and thoughtful. It doesn't have to be expensive, we can probably find something at my mom's work."

Now the kids roam the aisle's of Melvalds general with \$10.47 between them. In hindsight, maybe Melvalds wasn't the best place for Christmas shopping.

"What about this?" Dustin held up a Garfield stuffed toy.

"You're kidding right? He'd probably throw that away," Lucas scoffed and went back to searching the aisle they were on when his eyes landed on something incredible.

"Guys! Guys! I found the perfect thing!" The rest of the kids came rushing from different parts of the store and huddled around him to

see what he had found. It was a simple white mug with the words "*Best Mom Ever!*" written in cursive on the front. Lucas turned it over. The price tag read \$9.99.

"That's so stupid," Max laughed.

Eleven glared at her, "I love it."

Mike smiled and nodded, "Are we all in agreement?" Everyone nodded.

The six waited in line and handed the clerk handfuls of pennies and crumpled ones. It took him a while to count out the change.

"How are we gonna give it to him?" Max asked when they were all back at Mike's house.

"Uh. We can just wrap it in newspaper then go to his house with it?" Dustin suggested. Nobody seemed to have any better ideas.

They were in the middle of trying to wrap newspaper around the mug as neatly as possible when a thought occurred to Lucas, "Does anybody actually know where Steve lives?"

No, no they didn't.

"Mike go ask Nancy," Dustin demanded.

"I'm not gonna ask Nancy!"

"Why not?"

"Because that's weird."

"So? They're broken up. It's not like she's gonna call him and tell him we were asking."

"I'm not asking my sister where Steve lives."

"Fine I'll do it," Dustin said while standing up and running out of the basement.

"Dustin! No, wait!" Mike called after the other boy and followed him

up the stairs. By the time Mike reached the top, Dustin was already talking to Nancy.

"Why do you need his address?"

"Because we have a surprise for him," Dustin said like it was obvious. Nancy looked at the two boys, "Please?" Mike asked.

"Fine," Nancy sighed, "get me a pen and paper."

With the mug wrapped and the directions to Steve's house obtained, the 6 kids were out the door and ready to go.

"Do you think he'll like it?" Eleven asked Mike quietly.

"I hope so."

They reached the address Nancy had written down. The house was big and expensive looking, definitely Steve's. They stepped up to the front porch and Lucas knocked on the door 5 times. The large door opened revealing Steve's mother.

"Um, can I help you?"

Dustin straightened his back, "Yes. Is Steve home?"

Mrs.Harrington looked at all the kids with a dumbfounded look on her face, "Yes. Yes uh. One second," she turned towards the stairs, "Steve! There are some uh, children, here to see you!" She turned back and smiled at them, they smiled back.

Footsteps could be heard running down the stairs. Steve appeared next to his mother.

"Thanks mom I got it. What are you shits doing here? How did you get my address?" They couldn't decide if he was mad or not.

"We got you something," Dustin offered the wrapped mug to Steve who took it cautiously.

"We figured we probably wouldn't be seeing you on Christmas, so we wanted to get you something early as a thank you," Lucas explained.



"Is this a prank?"

"Nope."

"It feels like a prank."

"Just open it!" Steve glanced nervously at him one more time before he began ripping off the newspaper and throwing it on the floor. When all the wrapping had been discarded he held the mug in his hands.

"It's so stupid," he said, staring at the words written on the front. The kids deflated, "I love it."

"Seriously?" Will beamed.

"Yeah seriously! I didn't think you assholes would even think to get me something," Steve rubbed his eyes a little.

"Are you crying Harrington?"

"No. Shut it Henderson," he placed the mug down on a table by the door, "Thank you all. Seriously. Now get out of here."

The 6 said their goodbyes and got on their respective bikes (or skateboard). Steve shut the front door and stared down at the mug a little longer. It was stupid, it was a stupid gag gift. But it meant so much to Steve.

"What was that all about?" His mother asked him as he was putting the mug away.

"Nothing important," he lied.

## 5. Haha Hey

### Summary for the Chapter:

Sorry for getting your hopes up.

Hey sorry I haven't updated in a while! Been busy with band stuff and I'm in Texas rn so, yknow how it is. I've also had a bad case of writers block!!!

But I had an idea of you guys choosing what the next chapter to be about, i wanna know what you all want more of.

Here are your choices:

1. Steve's date! I've seen all your comments and I know a lot of you are curious about it, i wasn't planning on going anywhere with it (it was supposed to be a throw away line) but enough of you are interested. Also tell me who he should go on a date with ;)))

2. Steve and his kids going camping. This one should be fun and will take a little longer for me to write, but it will be long and 2 parts!

3. Max and Eleven. I feel like they would be best friends and I can write a chapter about them.

So tell me which ones you want and I'll start writing it this weekend ! Also thank you so much for commenting!!!! I love it so much and I love reading them and I really appreciate what you all have to say.

## 6. Camping Trip (Part 1)

### Summary for the Chapter:

Steve and the kids take a camping trip.

### Notes for the Chapter:

The highly requested camping trip! Sorry it took so long I wanted it to be really good for you guys, and this first part is more about Steve. Also if you like star wars i have 1 fic about it already posted and i'm posting a stormpilot story soon ;))

"MOM! Have you seen my slingshot?"

"What?"

"MY SLINGSHOT!" Lucas had everything he needed for the camping trip packed away, except his slingshot. He turned over everything in his room twice and couldn't find it anywhere. Steve was going to be here any minute and he *needed* his slingshot. What if something from the woods attacked them!

"I don't know honey, just go without it" Lucas let out a massive sigh. 'Go without it' was she insane?

He decided to leave without it as he saw Steve's car and some other car he didn't recognize pull up outside his house. He prayed Steve brought his bat.

"Steve's here! Bye mom see you in a few days."

"Love you baby, have fun!" She grabbed his arm and kissed his temple, how embarrassing!

Lucas ran out the door with his backpack full on his back. When Mike brought up the idea of camping he was wary, not because he was scared of the woods, but because he didn't know how Will would react. It had been year since he came back from the Upside Down, but it felt like just yesterday. As he approached the two cars he saw

Steve and Dustin in the front seat of the red car with Max in the back. In the darker car behind it sat Johnathan and Will up front with Mike and El in the back. He didn't know Johnathan was coming. Steve popped the trunk of his car and took Lucas' backpack from him before Lucas hopped in the back with Max who smiled sweetly at him.

"I didn't know Will's brother was coming?" He asked Dustin.

"Yeah. Will's mom didn't want him going camping without him, plus we wouldn't have all fit in Steve's car." Dustin finished his sentence as Steve hopped back into the car.

"Ready to go boys and Max?"

"Yeah!" They all nodded in agreement and off they went.

It took them about an hour to reach the public campsite. They could have easily camped in the woods behind someones house but they all agreed that was a bad idea for everyone's health. They also wanted to get away, even if it was only an hour away. Steve payed the price for five days in a two tent spot while the 5 of the 6 kids buzzed in their seats.

"You'll be okay," Johnathan said as he noticed Will's apprehension, "Steve and I will be in the tent right next to you guys. Plus you're surrounded by people and friends and a girl who can move things with her mind. Nothing is going to happen to you."

Will nodded, "I believe you."

El reached forward and grabbed his hand, "We'll have fun." She said quietly.

They pulled up to campsite number 83 and all the kids immediately jumped out of the car to explore the area. The campsite was big, the main road was in front of it with a thin layer of trees separating different campsites. It had two open spaces for tents, a large bench, a fire pit and a grill for cooking. Steve sat back on the hood of his car, watching the kids explore their home for the next five days.

"Want to start setting up the tents?" Johnathan said from behind him,

"Uh, yeah. Sure."

Johnathan wasn't exactly thrilled that he had to bunk with Steve for a week, but he'd do anything for his brother and this week 'anything' meant sleeping next to Steve Harrington for five days.

Four hours and only six arguments later, the two teens had both tents up. A big one for the kids, and a small one for them. They all unloaded the two cars and went to their respective tents to put all their stuff away. The kids had brought enough stuff to supply a small army while Steve and Johnathan had brought two sleeping bags and clothes for the week.

"Maybe this'll be good for us," Johnathan spoke up while Steve was unrolling his sleeping bag. You could hear the kids giggling from their tent.

"What?"

"Maybe having to live together for a week will help us become better friends. I mean, our lives are pretty connected now, I think this will be good for us." That was definitely not what Steve was expecting from Johnathan. He thought that the boy would stay quite and avoid Steve as much as possible, that he was only here for Will. Maybe Nancy put him up to this. Despite his apprehension, Steve went along with Johnathan's words, "Yeah man maybe."

After a few minutes of bed making and awkward silence, Steve spoke up again, "The kid's sound quiet, want to go check on them?" Johnathan nodded.

Steve stepped over their mass of blankets and zipped open the door, little did he know that six little gremlins were waiting for him outside the tent. The minute he stepped out into the cool spring air, they all screamed and pounced on him.

"AHH, FUCK. HOLY SHIT." Steve looked up from his position on the floor to see all the kids and Johnathan laughing at him, "Very funny you little shitheads."

"Did you hear your scream!" Dustin cackled.

"Man that was too easy!" Lucas was doubled over in laughter. Steve stood up and dusted off his jeans, he looked up and saw the sun setting.

"You assholes want s'mores?" They all perked up again, "Get the chairs and set them up around the fire pit."

Starting a fire was easier than Steve thought it would be. You just set up a pyramid of wood and light a ball of paper on fire under it (Max did it). They forgot to bring skewers so they just used sticks from the ground, which was a little disgusting but they didn't seem to care. Steve surveyed the scene around him. Max, Mike, Dustin and Lucas were having a bet on who could make the perfect s'more while Will was teaching Eleven how to make one. Johnathan was sitting next to him with his camera, taking photos of the kids.

"Is it not too dark to see?" Steve asked him.

"Uhm. A little, but they're lit up by the fire. See." Johnathan handed Steve his camera who held it up to his eye. Johnathan was right, while the background was pitch black, you could see the kids happy faces. Steve swung his body and the camera towards Johnathan, who was watching him with interest. Steve quickly snapped a photo of the boy before he could take the camera back.

"Did you just take a photo of me?"

"No," Steve lied, "What makes you think that?"

About 10 minutes and 20 s'mores later, all six kids had gone to bed and it was only Steve and Johnathan by the fire.

Steve yawned, "I'm ready to clock out man. What about you?"

Johnathan nodded, "Yeah lets go." They stood up and Steve dumped a bucket of water onto the fire.

"What do you want to do tomorrow? With the kids I mean." Johnathan pulled his sleeves over his hands. He looked flushed, Steve guessed from the cold.

"I don't know. Maybe we could take them to the lake."

They stepped inside the tent and zipped the door closed, "Hmm. Yeah maybe." Steve sensed Johnathan was a little uncomfortable while talking to him so he left the conversation there. Hopefully tomorrow would be more eventful, and Steve and Johnathan could talk more like the Byers boy had planed.